A New SONG call'd

COOLEEN BAWN.

II. Mr. DOYLE.

III. North Country Beauty.

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COOLEEN BAWN.

'TWAS on a pleaſent morning all in the blooming Spring
When as the chearful ſongſters in conſert did ſing,
The primroſe and daiſy beſpangled every lawn,
In arbour I eſpied my ſweet Cooleen Bawn.

I ſtood a while amazed, quite ſtruck with ſurprize,
On her with rapture gaz'd while from her bright eyes
There flow'd ſuch killing glances, my heart away was drawn,
She raviſh'd all my ſenſes my dear Cooleen Bawn.

I trembling then addreſs'd her, hail, matchleſs fair maid,
You have with grief oppreſt me, I'm ſorely afraid,
Except you cure my anguiſh, that's now in it's dawn
You'll cauſe my ſad overthrow, my ſweet Cooleen Bawn.

Then with a gentle ſmile ſhe reply'd unto me,
I cannot tyrannize my dear Jemmy, o'er thee,
My father he is wealthy, and has ſevere command,
If you gain his favour then take Cooleen Bawn.

In raptures I embrac'd her, we ſwore eternal love,
And naught ſhould ſeperate us, we'd ſtill loyal prove,
I hited with her father, and left my friends and land,
That with pleaſure I might gaze no my fair Cooleen Bawn.

I ſerv'd him twelve months right faithful and juſt,
Tho' not being us'd to labour, was true to my truſt;
I valu'd not my wages, I never did it demand,
For I was more engag'd with my fair Cooleen Bawn.

One morning as her father and I being alone,
I aſk'd him for his daughter, ſaying, ſir it's well known
I have a well ſtock'd farm, pounds five hundred at command,
The which I'd freely ſhare with your fair Cooleen Bawn.

Like one enrag'd with malice he ſcorn'd and did frown,
And ſaid, ſir here's your wages, and ſo get out of town;
Encreaſing ſtill his anger, ſaying, from me quick begon
For it is our brave young 'Squire that ſhall have my Cooleen Bawn.

I went unto my jewel, and told her my ſad tale,
Oppreſs'd with grief and anguiſh we both did weep and wail;
At length ſhe ſaid, my jewel, how can I this withſtand
If in ſorrow here you'll leave me, your own Cooleen Bawn.

A horſe I ſoon got ready, and in the ſilent night,
Having no other remedy, we quickly took our flight.
The horſe he chanc'd to ſtumble and threw us both alone,
Confus'd and ſorely bruis'd me and my love Cooleen Bawn.

Yet quickly we remounted and ſwiftly rode away

O'er lofty hills and mountains without the leaſt delay
Her father he purſued us all with an armed band,
So taken was poor Reily and his fair Cooleen Bawn.

Committed ſtraight to priſon, to weep and bewail,
And utter my complaints to the walls of a jail,
I loaded with heavy irons till my tryal it comes on,
But I'll bear their utmoſt malice for my dear Cooleen Bawn.

If once it is my fortune again to be free,
Well knowing that my darling is conſtant to me,
Spite of her father's anger, his cruelty and ſcorn,
I hope to wed my heart's delight my dear Cooleen Bawn.

The North Country Beauty.

YOU inſpired Muſes of ſenſe and knowledge,
To me your mighty aid impart,
To praiſe a Maiden who has inſlaved me,
And ſtole away my tender heart;
Her majeſtic carriage is ſo enticing,
Surpaſſes Hellen that Grecian queen,
Or the bright Awrelia in all her ſplendor,
Could never equal this comely Dame.

Her tranſparant eyes like Orient pearl
Doth caſt a ſweet and Heavenly light,
Her ſlender waiſt 'tis framed compleatly,

And her ſkin is like the lilly white,
This earthly globe cannot afford,
A maiden of more excellency;
She is all ſurrounded with modeſt graces,
Adorned with ſweet clemency.

The gayeſt flowers that ſprings by nature,
The evening damps will kill their pride,
Their beauty is gone until next morning,
That Phæbus beams do them revive;
But every day more freſh and gay,
Blooms this charming ſpotleſs maid,
No evening damps nor winter froſt,
Will ever make her beauty fade.

It's in the morning when my love riſes,
And walks along the dewey plain,
The birds in chorus with notes melodious,
In praiſe of her they all combine;
She is the faireſt of human nature,
For when arrayed in all her pride,
She dims the ſight of that planet Phæbus,
And his pale face with ſhame he hides.

Was my ſmall pen of the Indian Jaſper,
And tempered with the pure Leedian Steel,
And I to have learned to praiſe my darling,
What great pleaſure would this yield;
In the ſweeteſt lays I would found her praiſe,
My pen I'm ſure would never fail,
But as I am confuſed I muſt be excuſed,
Till more education I do gain.

You mighty powers view my low ſtation,
My ſad condition now bewail,
And ſend this maid to my arms,
To eaſe me of my grief and pain,
Like a wandering Jew I'll range this nation,
Like ſome wild Satyr I will rove,
If I cannot gain this lovely Damſel,
Who has my heart enſnared with love.

You pretty lark that ſings aloft,
Fly to the window of my dear,
And let her know my ſad condition,
That I languiſh under here;
At your return let me not mourn,
Some happy tidings to me tell,
For no purling ſtream can cool the flame,
That in my boſom now does dwell.

Come cruel death and quickly eaſe me,
Of the pains which I endure,
And pierce yon dart to my heart,
That my ſorrows may be no more;
Since this lovely creature will ſhew no favour,
To her poor and wounded ſwain,
My endleſs ſorrows are approaching,
Come quickly death and eaſe my pain.

When I am laid in my cool grave,
And to hungry worms become a pray,
It's then her heart may relent with pitty,
But all her kindneſs will be too late;
So yield ſome favour my deareſt creature,
While I am breathing ſome comfort ſhew,
For none alive but you can eaſe me,
Of the pains I undergo.

A NEW SONG,

BY MR. DOYLE,

(TRANSLATED FROM IRISH.)

THIS country declare ſincere that my ſweet heart loves me,
I'm very well pleas'd I ſwear, the truth it may be ;
In ſpight of relations that teaſe us to never prove kind,
If I live but one quarter my darling will pleaſure my mind.

On laſt Tueſday morning beu oaning my ſorrows and care,
As I lay deploring with more than my hat full of tears ;
Thinking of my chatming my darling ſo lovely and fine
May fortune preſerve the arms that round me did twine.

When I did hear, my dear on bed ſick you lay,
By yourſelf all alone and none to cheek your decay ;
The arrows of death may pierce your heart thro' and thro',
That me did deceive that would lay my life down for you.

Did not you ſwear to lead your life love with me,
Both loving and kind my child to nurſe on your knee;
Each fiſh in Lough-Earn, I would prepare for your
wedding with pain,
And if I could raiſe your heir and crown him in Spain.

If I had hearts eaſe compleatly mixed in Beer,
And ſome Virgin fair, how rare and pleaſant my cheer,
In bed I would chooſe the blooming Lilly I know,
I now leave in pain my decent ſweet Callin Roe.

I thought you that charming ſtar that brighten
the day,
I thought you had faith and good reaſon and honour
I ſay;
In all the whole fair you are the fairing I would
chooſe I vow.
O! Life did you leave me for ever, for want of a
few Cows.

FINIS.

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